

Ain't A Thug

Trick Daddy

If I ain't a thug, you think I ain't a thug
Then tell me what I am

'Cause if I ain't a thug, why do I feel this way
Why the steets stay on my mind
Since I am a thug, why do why'all get so mad
Why can't cha'll accept that, it's my life

If I ain't a thug then why'all tell me who is
How many other mutha fuckas why'all know can do this
Yea I'm a thug fo ever and I never ever
Disrespect the game or cross one of my niggas (listen)

Slippin' already cost one of my niggas
So I better select the fools that I be chillin' wit
And I don't know nothin', didn't hear or see nothin'
I can't remember, but yet still I won't forget 'em

I'm from the dark side, born and raised in a thug life
And I'm out the city from the drug dealers and wise guys
If I ain't a thug, then you explain it 'cause
How come a young nigga livin' so dangerous

And why my name always somehow involved in stuff
It's obvious, why'all can't target us
Yea I'm a thug nigga, but I ain't a drug dealer
Three time convicted felon, so should I know better

From day one I've been thuggin'
And I'm lovin' every minute of it
So all you crittiks and haters I'm sayin mutha fuck ya
I don't like ya, and therefor I don't trust ya

You couldn't shake me up, now you tryin' to set me up
It's bad enough we had it rough when we was growin' up
You killed Pac and Biggie, now try to kill us
But I throw my Fos up, 'cause I'm foeva fo sho

A thug rebal fo certain, that's why I never listen
I ain't the snitchin' kinda nigga
Yo, and I'm a different kinda nigga
So you bustas can't leave me

Ain't no centamental nigga
I'm sittin' on spinners nigga
So when I'm draggin' my Denim
Don't you bustas try and hit em (hear me)

I'm from the parts where the stars like to hear the stars
Quality sound beatin down in each and every car
Givin' them hell like I'm David Chappelle
Prostitute boy there with plenty dick for sale

Since I am a Thug, that's why you listen to me
'Cause I'm a T.H.U.G. officially, you see
A lot a niggas still doubt a nigga
So when they conversatin they be playa hatin' bout a nigga

But I expect them to, what else they supposed to do
When they dead broke and I got more flow then they do
And they mad 'cause I don't fuck wit them
Oh well stay mad 'cause I don't kiss niggas ass (bitches)

I'm too busy bein' a real nigga
So if you fuck wit me
You can fuck around and get killed nigga
The truth is Mr. Dollars is the real deal

Hell I'm the mutha fucker made county bail (yeah)
And I'm strictly for the Thug 'cause I'm showin off
And I'm quick to straight fuck a nigga (what)
Huh, pussy nigga, what
For my mutha fuckin' thugs